Princ. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselues, which they shall haue no sooner atchiued, but weele set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know thē to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason Ile forsweare armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the iest.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idlenesse
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a sullin ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,
And therfore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule nere payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Leige) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vse and counsel, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor*
You were about to speake.

Nort. Yea my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your Highnesse name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were as he sayes, not with such strength denied,
As he deliuered to your Maiesty.
Either enuy therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.